

Directory To Dining

The following is a listing of New York restaurants that are recommended on the basis of varying merits. Such a listing will be published every Friday in The New York Times. Unless otherwise indicated, the restaurants are open seven days a week.

Gaston. 48 East Forty-ninth Street. PLaza 5-4285. Small and tastefully decorated, Gaston may qualify as having one of the most inspired French kitchens in town. Excellent appetizers and main courses. Complete luncheons from about \$4; dinners from about \$6.50. Also à la carte items. Cocktails. Wines in bottles and in carafes. Closed Saturday and Sunday. Reservations are recommended.

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Marchi's. 251 East Thirty-first Street. ORegon 9-2494. One of New York's most unusual North Italian restaurants, it has no printed menu. There is an extensive antipasto, homemade lasagne, a fish course, a roast course (generally chicken and veal), vegetables, salads, cheese, fruits, dessert and coffee. One price: \$5.50. No bar, but appropriate Italian wines are available, \$4.50 to \$4.75 a bottle. Reservations recommended; frequently they are imperative. Dinner only, 6 to 9:30 P. M. weekdays; 5 to 9:30 Saturday and Sunday.

●
Tien Tsin, 569 West 125th Street. MONument 6-5710. In a city with a wealth of Chinese restaurants, there is probably none with a finer kitchen than this one. It has its off moments, but when it is good it can be superb. Modern décor. Luncheons, including soup, range from 80 cents to \$1.15. Dinners à la carte; main courses cost about \$2.50. The back of the menu lists family dinners (\$3.25 for two; \$13.50 for six). No bar. Reservations recommended.

●
Sayat Nova, 91 Charles Street. ORegon 5-7364. In a basement in Greenwich Village is this relatively spacious restaurant with good American cuisine. Excellent appetizers, lamb dishes and Near Eastern bread. A la carte main courses from about \$2.25; complete dinners from \$3.75. No cocktails, but apéritifs and wines are available. Closed Monday. Reservations recommended.

●
The King of the Sea. 879 Third Avenue. ELdorado 5-9309. This restaurant, perhaps Manhattan's best known seafood house, seems like the prototype after which most of the others were modeled. Typical main courses include broiled sea bass, \$2.25; broiled lobsters from \$3.95. Cocktails, wines. Reservations accepted.

Just a Quiet Dinner for Two in Paris: 31 Dishes, Nine Wines, a \$4,000 Check

By **CRAIG CLAIBORNE**

If one were offered dinner for two at any price, to be eaten in any restaurant anywhere in the world, what would the choice be? And in these days of ever-higher prices, what would the cost be?

By submitting the highest bid on Channel 13's fundraising auction last June, we found ourselves in a position earlier this week to answer these questions. The place: Chez Denis in Paris. The cost: \$4,000.

Our winning bid was \$300.

One factor in the selection of the restaurant should be noted quickly: The donor of the dinner that Channel 13 auctioned was American Express, which set forth as its only condition the requirement that the establishment

be one that accepts its credit card.

In turn, when American Express ultimately learned what we had done, its reaction went from mild astonishment to being cheerful about the outcome. "Four thousand—was that francs or dollars?" asked Iris Burkatt, a company official, at one point.

At any rate, the selection of the restaurant dominated our fantasies for weeks as in our minds, we dined on a hundred meals or more. At times we were in Paris, then in Alsace. We considered Rome, Tokyo and Hong Kong, Copenhagen and Stockholm, Brussels and London.

The consideration of restaurants competed with thoughts of the greatest of champagnes and still wines, visions of caviar and foie gras, dreams of elaborate desserts. Perhaps we would choose nothing but vodka or

champagne with caviar followed by foie gras with Chateau d'Yquem — but no, any old millionaire could do that.

In addition to excluding those that did not recognize the credit card of the donor, we dismissed from our potential list of restaurants several celebrated places, simply, perhaps, because of their celebrity.

In time we considered Chez Denis, which is a great favorite among several food writers (Henri Gault, Christian Millau and Waverly Root among them), but is nonetheless not well known. It is a tiny place on the Rue Gustave Flaubert, not far from the Arc de Triomphe.

We visited Chez Denis in a party of three to reconnoiter. It was not hard to go

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We explained to the proprietor that our purpose was to have the finest dinner in Europe and that money was no obstacle.

Just a Quiet Dinner for 2 in Paris: 31 Dishes, 9 Wines, a \$4,000 Check

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incognito, for we suspect that the proprietor, Denis Lahana, does not credit any Americans with even the most elementary knowledge of French wine and food.

The investigatory dinner was sumptuous. There was a chiffonade of lobster (a salad of cold lobster, cubed foie gras, a touch of cognac and, we suspect, cayenne, and a tarragon mayonnaise flavored with tomato, tossed with lettuce).

In addition, there was fresh foie gras with aspic, braised sweetbreads with a light truffle sauce, roast quail and those delectable tiny birds from the Landes region of France, ortolans. There was also a great personal favorite, andouillettes served with an outstanding sorrel sauce. The wine was a fine Pommard.

The meal having passed the test, we were able to ignore the few plastic boughs and plastic flowers tucked in beams here and there.

We wondered how it was that the place did not merit one, two or three stars in the Guide Michelin. It is not even listed. Mr. Denis would not comment on a story we had heard about inspectors from Michelin having somehow offended the proprietor and having been asked to leave.

A Crucial Question, Seriously Answered

After dinner, we asked Mr. Denis, offhandedly, how much he would charge for the most lavish dinner for two that he and his chef could prepare. He spoke in terms of \$2,000 to \$3,000.

We told him that we were about to celebrate a birthday and that money was no obstacle in ordering the finest dinner in Europe. Mr. Denis, with little hesitation, pulled up a chair and sat down. He took us seriously.

We asked him to consider the matter at his convenience and write to us with his proposal. When he did, his letter stated:

"In accordance with your demand, I propose to organize for you a prestigious dinner. In the land of my birth, the region of Bordeaux, one speaks of a repas de vins, a meal during the course of which a number of wines of great prestige are served, generally nine wines.

"I am suggesting nine such wines, to be served in the course of a dinner à la Française in the classic

tradition. To dine properly in this style, many dishes are offered and served to the guests, chosen with the sole thought that each dish be on the same high level as the wines and those most likely to give pleasure as the wines are tasted."

He suggested a dinner of 31 dishes that would start with an hors d'oeuvre and go on to three "services," the first consisting of soups, savory, an assortment of substantial main dishes, and ices or sherbets to clear the palate.

This would be followed by the second service: hot roasts or baked dishes, vegetables, cold, light, meaty dishes in aspic and desserts.

And then the third service: decorated confections, petits fours and fruits.

The youngest wine would be a six-year-old white burgundy, the oldest a 140-year-old madeira.

Mr. Denis set a price of \$4,000. This, we must hasten to add, included service and taxes. We accepted.

The proprietor suggested that the meal be served to four persons—all for the same price—because the food had to be prepared in a certain quantity and would be enough to serve as many as 10 persons, while the wines were enough for four.

We declined, because the rules set by American Express called for dinner for two. The dinner party would be made up of me and my colleague, Pierre Franey. Anything left over, we knew, would not go to waste.

Mr. Denis noted that it was not required that all foods be sampled and that the quantity of the food served would depend on the guest's appetite.

Beluga Caviar In Crystal

And so, we sat down to our \$4,000 dinner.

The hors d'oeuvre was presented: fresh Beluga caviar in crystal, enclosed in shaved ice, with toast. The wine was a superb 1966 Champagne Comtesse Marie de France.

Then came the first service, which started with three soups. There was consomme Denis, an inordinately good, rich, full-bodied, clear consomme of wild duck with shreds of fine crepes and herbs. It was clarified with raw duck and duck bones and then lightly thickened as many classic soups are, with fine tapioca.

The second soup (still of the first

service) was a crème Andalouse, an outstanding cream of tomato soup with shreds of sweet pimento and fines herbes, including fresh chives and chervil.

The first two soups were superb but the third, cold germity (a cream of sorrel), seemed bland and anticlimactic. One spoonful of that sufficed.

The only wine served at this point was a touch of champagne. The soups having been disposed of, we moved on to a spectacularly delicate parfait of sweetbreads, an equally compelling mousse of quail in a small tarte, and a somewhat salty, almost abrasive but highly complementary tarte of Italian ham, mushrooms and a border of truffles.

1918 Chateau Latour, The Best Bordeaux

The wine was a 1918 Chateau Latour, and it was perhaps the best bordeaux we had ever known. It was very much alive, with the least trace of tannin.

The next segment of the first service included a fascinating dish that the proprietor said he had created. Belon oysters broiled quickly in the shell and served with a pure beurre blanc, the creamy, lightly thickened butter sauce.

Also in this segment were a lobster in a creamy, cardinal-red sauce that was heavily laden with chopped truffles and, after that, another startling but excellent dish, a sort of Provençal pie made with red mullet and baked with tomato, black olives and herbs, including fennel or anise seed, rosemary, sage and thyme.

The accompanying wine was a 1969 Montrachet Baron Thénard, which was extraordinary (to our taste, all first-rate Montrachet whites are extraordinary).

The final part of the first service consisted of what was termed filets et sots l'y laissent de poulard de Bresse, sauce suprême aux cèpes (the so-called "fillet" strips of chicken plus the "oysters" found in the after-backbone of chicken blended in a cream sauce containing sliced wild mushrooms).

Chartreuse of Partridge And Cooked Cabbage

There followed another curious but oddly appealing dish, a classic chartreuse of partridge, the pieces of roasted game nested in a bed of cooked cabbage and baked in a mosaic pattern, intricately styled, of carrot and turnip cut into fancy shapes.

And a tender rare-roasted fillet of Limousin beef with a rich truffle sauce.

The wine with the meat and game was a 1928 Chateau Mouton Rothschild. It was ageless and beautiful.

The first service finally ended with sherbets in three flavors—raspberry, orange and lemon. The purpose of this was to revive the palate for the second service, and it did. We were two hours into the meal and going at the food, it seemed, at a devilish pace.

The second service included the ortolans en brochette, an element of the dinner to be anticipated with a relish almost equal to that of the caviar or the foie gras.



The New York Times/Jack Nisberg

Pierre Franey and Craig Claiborne, seated, with Denis Lahana, who prepared \$4,000 dinner for two

The small birds, which dine on berries through their brief lives, are cooked whole, with the head on, and without cleaning except for removing the feathers. They are as fat as butter and an absolute joy to bite into because of the succulence of the flesh. Even the bones, except for the tiny leg bones, are chewed and swallowed. There is one bird to one bite.

The second service also included fillets of wild duck en salmis in a rich brown game sauce. The final dish in this segment was a rognonade de veau, or roasted boned loin of veal wrapped in puff pastry with fresh black truffles about the size of golf balls.

The vegetables served were pommes Anna—the potatoes cut into small rounds and baked in butter—and a purée rachel, a purée of artichokes.

Foie Gras, Woodcock and Pheasant

Then came the cold meat delicacies. There was butter-rich fresh foie gras in clear aspic, breast meat of woodcocks that was cooked until rare and served with a natural chaud-froid, another aspic and cold pheasant with fresh hazelnuts.

The wines for this segment consisted of a 1947 Chateau Lafite-Rothschild, a 1961 Chateau Petrus, and the most magnificent wine of the evening, a 1929 Romanée Conti.

The dinner drew near an end with three sweets—a cold glazed charlotte with strawberries, an île flottante and poires alma. The wine for the sweets was a beautiful unctuous 1928 Chateau d'Yquem, which was quite sweet yet "dry."

The last service consisted of the pastry confections and fruits, served with an 1835 madeira. With coffee came a choice of a 100-year-old calvados or an hors d'âge cognac.

And for the \$4,000, logic asks if it was a perfect meal in all respects?

The answer is no.

The crystal was Baccarat and the silver was family sterling, but the presentation of the dishes, particularly the cold dishes such as the sweetbread parfait and quail mousse tarte, was mundane.

The foods were elegant to look at, but the over-all display was undistinguished, if not to say shabby.

The chartreuse of pheasant, which can be displayed stunningly, was presented on a most ordinary dish.

The food itself was generally exemplary, although there were regrettable lapses there, too. The lobster in the gratin was chewy and even the sauce could not compensate for that. The oysters, of necessity, had to be cooked as briefly as possible to prevent toughening, but the beurre blanc should have been very hot. The dish was almost lukewarm when

it reached the table, and so was the chartreuse of pheasant.

We've spent many hours reckoning the cost of the meal and find that we cannot break it down. We have decided this: We feel we could not have made a better choice, given the circumstance of time and place.

Mr. Denis declined to apply a cost to each of the wines, explaining that they contributed greatly to the total cost of the meal because it was necessary to open three bottles of the 1918 Latour in order to find one in proper condition.

Over all, it was an unforgettable evening and we have high praise for Claude Mornay, the 37-year-old genius behind the meal.

We reminded ourselves of one thing during the course of that evening: If you were Henry VIII, Lucullus, Gargantua and Bacchus, all rolled into one, you cannot possibly sustain, start to finish, a state of ecstasy while dining on a series of 31 dishes.

Wines, illusion or not, became increasingly interesting, although we were laudably sober at the end of the meal.

Francs and Beans

By Russell Baker

As chance would have it, the very evening Craig Claiborne ate his historic \$4,000 dinner for two with 31 dishes and nine wines in Paris, a Lucullan repast for one was prepared and consumed in New York by this correspondent, no slouch himself when it comes to titillating the palate.

Mr. Claiborne won his meal in a television fund-raising auction and had it professionally prepared. Mine was created from spur-of-the-moment inspiration, necessitated when I discovered a note on the stove saying, "Am eating out with Dora and Imogene—make dinner for yourself." It was from the person who regularly does the cooking at my house and, though disconcerted at first, I quickly rose to the challenge.

The meal opened with a 1975 Diet Pepsi served in a disposable bottle. Although its bouquet was negligible, its distinct metallic aftertaste evoked memories of tin cans one had licked experimentally in the first flush of childhood's curiosity.

To create the balance of tastes so cherished by the epicurean palate, I followed with a *paté de fruites de nuts of Georgia*, prepared according to my own recipe. A half-inch layer of creamy-style peanut butter is troweled onto a graham cracker, then half a banana is crudely diced and pressed firmly into the peanut butter and cemented in place as it were by a second graham cracker.

The accompanying drink was cold milk served in a wide-brimmed jelly glass. This is essential to proper consumption of the *paté*, since the entire confection must be dipped into the milk to soften it for eating. In making the presentation to the mouth, one must beware lest the milk-soaked portion of the sandwich fall onto the necktie. Thus, seasoned gourmandisers follow the old maxim of the Breton chefs and "bring the mouth to the jelly glass."

At this point in the meal, the stomach was ready for serious eating, and I prepared beans with bacon grease, a dish I perfected in 1937 while developing my *cuisine du dépression*.

The dish is started by placing a pan over a very high flame until it becomes dangerously hot. A can of Heinz's pork and beans is then emptied into the pan and allowed to char until it reaches the consistency of hardening concrete. Three strips of bacon are fried to crisps, and when the beans have formed huge dense clots firmly welded to the pan, the bacon grease is poured in and stirred vigorously with a large screw driver.

This not only adds flavor but also loosens some of the beans from the side of the pan. Leaving the flame

high, I stirred in a three-day-old spaghetti sauce found in the refrigerator, added a sprinkle of chili powder, a large dollop of Major Grey's chutney and a tablespoon of bicarbonate of soda to make the whole dish rise.

Beans with bacon grease is always eaten from the pan with a tablespoon while standing over the kitchen sink. The pan must be thrown away immediately. The correct drink with this dish is a straight shot of room-temperature gin. I had a Gilbey's, 1975, which was superb.

For the meat course, I had fried bologna à la Nutley, Nouveau Jersey. Six slices of A&P bologna were placed in an ungreased frying pan over maximum heat and held down by a long fork until the entire house filled with smoke. The bologna was turned,

OBSERVER

fried the same length of time on the other side, then served on air-filled white bread with thick lashings of mayonnaise.

The correct drink for fried bologna à la Nutley, Nouveau Jersey is a 1927 Nehi Cola, but since my cellar, *n.d.*, had none, I had to make do with a second shot of Gilbey's 1975.

The cheese course was deliciously simple—a single slice of Kraft's individually wrapped yellow sandwich cheese, which was flavored by vigorous rubbing over the bottom of the frying pan to soak up the rich bologna juices. Wine being absolutely *de rigueur* with cheese, I chose a 1974 Muscatel, flavored with a maraschino cherry, and afterwards cleared my palate with three pickled martini onions.

It was time for the fruit. I chose a Del Monte tinned pear, which, regrettably, slipped from the spoon and fell on the floor, necessitating its being blotted with a paper towel to remove cat hairs. To compensate for the resulting loss of pear syrup, I dipped it lightly in hot-dog relish which created a unique flavor.

With the pear I drank two shots of Gilbey's 1975 and one shot of Wolf-schmidt vodka (non-vintage), the Gilbey's having been exhausted.

At last it was time for the dish the entire meal had been building toward—dessert. With a paring knife, I ripped into a fresh package of Oreos, produced a bowl of My-T-Fine chocolate pudding which had been coagulating in the refrigerator for days and, using a potato masher, crushed a dozen Oreos into the pudding. It was immense.

Between mouthfuls, I sipped a tall, bubbling tumbler of cool Bromo-Seltzer, and finished with six ounces of Maalox. It couldn't have been better.

Elegance of Cuisine Is on Wane in U. S.

By **CRAIG CLAIBORNE**

Two time-honored symbols of the good life—great cuisine in the French tradition and elegant table service—are passing from the American scene.

"This nation," said James A. Beard, a writer on cookery, "is more interested in preserving the whooping crane and the buffalo than in perpetuating classic cookery and improving standards of table service. We live in an age that may someday—with all justification—be referred to as the time of the decline and pall of the American palate."

Why has this come to pass? There are several reasons:

¶The influx of master chefs ended in the Thirties with stricter immigration laws. Chefs who arrived earlier have retired or soon will. Rarely are there

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ELEGANT CUISINE IS ON WANE IN U.S.

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trained men to succeed them.

Cost control—a method devised by efficiency experts to cut expenses—cramps the enthusiasm and inventiveness of master chefs, some of them insist, but they must go along with it.

Training facilities for cooks and waiters are virtually nonexistent. Management and union officials are apathetic about doing anything. Nearly 10,000 cooks leave the hotel and restaurant industry each year through death, retirement or other reasons. Fewer than 8,000 are trained as replacements.

Stereotyped Menus Seen

Several chefs interviewed recently took the view that menus soon will be as stereotyped as those of a hamburger haven, except in a handful of luxury establishments.

Humbert Gatti, executive chef of the Plaza Hotel, predicts: "Within five years kitchens à la minute will replace haute cuisine in America's major cities. The public will be offered broiled steak, broiled chicken or broiled fish. Or only sautéed dishes. No more sauce champagne, no more sauce Robert, no more file of beef Wellington.

Even today, you walk into kitchens that don't have a stockpot; places use beef or chicken extract to make their soups. The specialty these days seems to be quantity, not quality. I know places with a big business where they don't use ten pounds of butter a day."

Oddly, while most restaurant cooking is deteriorating, the American housewife, in this time of tourist air travel, has become familiar with classic continental cuisine.

Sales of so-called gourmet foods have increased greatly. In supermarkets, such luxury items as snails, imported cheeses and caviar are commonplace.

French Cuisine Declining

But French cuisine, the foundation of the world's great dining rooms—whether in London, Paris or Madrid—is rapidly becoming extinct in the United States.

The great chefs would like to see the tradition kept alive, but they find it almost impossible to overcome the feeling that to be a cook or waiter is to be subservient and is not in keeping with the American picture of success. Chef Gatti has a small training program for five young men. Speaking of it, he says sadly:

"Today's young men are impatient to do what they call 'get ahead.' They work with me for \$80 a week and leave for another job that pays \$2 more. They think: 'Tomorrow I'll make \$3 more in my new job.' They don't think in ten years I could be head chef. It isn't only American boys who feel that way; it's Europeans, too."

Chef Gatti's forecast of kitchens à la minute is perhaps best substantiated by the rising average age of European chefs in this country. It is 63.5 years now and one reason why it is not higher is the occasional exception, such as Pierre Franey, who at 39 is executive chef at Le Pavillon, considered by many to be the finest restaurant in the country.

Cost Control a Factor

Then there is cost control. The whole concept of hotel-keeping has changed radically from the pre-Depression days when hotels vied to provide sumptuous decor, elaborate sauces, foods out of season—and hang the expense. Profits came from room rentals and few restaurateurs ever questioned a chef's expenditures. Reputations of many hotels such as the Ritz, the Lafayette and the Brevoort were built on cuisine and service.

"In the age we live in," one hotel man says, "cost control in the kitchen is as essential as hot water and maid service."

Many quality chefs have to go along with such reality. Although French chefs have a reputation for prodigality (Antonin Carême, for example, once boiled down fourteen hams for a pint of sauce), several of those who work in New York's first-class hotels and restaurants said they realized the need for keeping costs down.

This feeling is reflected by Joseph Baum, a director of Restaurant Associates, which owns the Forum of Twelve Cafeteria—one of the most widely discussed restaurants to open in New York in recent years. He says: "Cost control can be compared to a home freezer. It can be used to improve the family's menus or downgrade them. It depends on the know-how of the housewife; in the case of a restaurant, on the know-how of a chef. If it does no more than eliminate wasteful overproduction, it has more than paid for itself."

Portions Are Pre-Cut

One small hotel reported that it issues a pre-determined number of frozen pre-portioned steaks, lamb chops and veal cutlets to the chef each morning. The controller explained:

"Suppose four customers came in and ordered steak and each serving was a different size. Three of them would turn to the customer with the biggest steak and say: 'Who do you know?'"

"Frozen meat eliminates shrinkage in meat storage. A strip of beef in the ice box dries out on the edges. You have to trim it before you cut steaks and every day you lose so much."

"Or take scallops. Fresh by the gallon they come in uniform sizes. So we buy frozen scallops; they're all the same size."

Why, he was asked, are vegetables served in most restaurants so limp and unpalatable?

"Because the chef will cook 500 portions of carrots at 3:30 in the afternoon to be served at 7:30. It isn't lack of knowledge, it's indifference."

In his opinion, freezing does not alter the flavor of meats and fish appreciably. Although frozen foods, he adds, should be thawed properly before cooking. But at the Plaza, Chef Gatti says: "Frozen meat is dead meat."

Complaints Are Cited

A New Yorker who manages two hotel dining rooms offered the view that the public prefers bottled to freshly made mayonnaise.

"Freshly made mayonnaise," he said, "seems too rich to the customer's palate since he's unaccustomed to it. I had the chef put freshly made French dressing on the buffet and some of the guests complained because it was the wrong color."

One food fancier had this to say: "Americans can't enjoy great cuisine because of the Puritan streak in us. Eating a dozen buckwheat cakes for breakfast is acceptable. Enjoying a fine sauce is something else again. It's like sex and just and all those other things we're supposed to disapprove of."

Another complainer asks: "Do you know the standard of judging the standard of a restaurant in this city? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred—and this pertains to some of the city's highly publicized hostilities—you'll get juice out of a carton or fresh frozen and reconstituted. Most people have forgotten what really fresh orange juice tastes like."

This man added that nobody ever protests about not getting fresh orange juice and many of those in the restaurant field agree that patrons might be better fed and better served if they screamed once in a while. Usually the customer says nothing and tips well anyway.

Frenchmen Unforgiving

The restaurant men might agree with Waverley Root, who in "The Food of France," writes that a Frenchman "is unforgiving if he is badly served."

His favorite restaurant may have produced for him a thousand superb meals, but let the thousand and first be unsatisfactory and he rises in wrath.

The quality of restaurant cuisine also has declined because Americans seem always to be in a hurry. The public has no time to relax over courses; chefs are not interested in feeding masses on the run.

There also have been suggestions that an excess of hotel banquets may be to blame.

"The more banquets, the greater the strain on the staff and the physical equipment; consequently the less palatable the food served in the public dining rooms," he said.

There is a certain tension in the restaurant field between management and the unions. Many responsible restaurateurs say that present standards of table service are the result of management's inability to reprimand its serving staff.

"There was a time," one employer said, "when a restaurateur spent his time trying to please the customers; today we spend our time trying to please the staff."

To be efficient, a dining room staff must operate with the precision of a combat team and there must be discipline. Our hands are tied."

Such a charge is denied by union officials. Vangel Kamaras, vice president of Local 6, Hotel and Restaurant Employees International Alliance, insists that his union would never tell management how to run its business. He added that management is sometimes more

interested in a quick turnover and how fast a waiter can run than in good table service.

The cry of impatience is frequently heard among restaurant men.

A fledgling waiter said: "The public is too impatient these days. Take two tables and give them exactly the same service. One couple will complain because the service is too slow; they're trying to get to the theatre. The other will complain because it's too fast; you're trying to rush them for a quick turnover."

And the impatience of young waiters irks older waiters. "Young men these days look for the fast turnover; which means the fast buck," an old hand said. "They all learn eventually that the larger tips come from the customer who relaxes over his coffee."

What, this European-trained waiter was asked, is good table service?

"Being aware of the customer's needs before the customer is. It is rushing good food to the guest's table while it is freshly prepared and piping hot. A waiter must be courteous without being fawning, attentive without being subservient. He must be methodical and neat and act with elegance and taste; it's small things like placing the monogram of a plate in the proper place."

Income Depends on Tips

A waiter in a first-class dining room is not particularly concerned with his salary. The bulk of his income comes from tips. A top waiter working five days a week, eight hours a day in a luxury room may receive \$10,000 a year. Bus boys in several of this city's night clubs are said to earn as much as \$100 a week, most of it in tips.

Because of the peculiar fiscal set-up in the industry, there is a large disparity in waiters' incomes, although by union regulation there are standard wages.

Despite the size of the restaurant and hotel industry in the United States, training facilities are few and limited. The most extensive program for chefs, cooks and waiters in this area is at the New York City Community College in Brooklyn. The program is conducted with the cooperation of the Hotel Association of New York City, the Hotel Trades Council and Local 6.

Each year the school grants training certificates to seventy waiters, a meager number considering the size of the industry in New York. The school also conducts advanced courses in table service at the Waldorf-Astoria.

Some Training Offered

Several universities offer training in basic cookery and table service to students of hotel management, but these students groom themselves for executive positions. Because of the expense, there is rarely an organized program of staff training in restaurants and hotels.

There is one person making a valiant effort to perpetuate classic cookery in this country. She is Mrs. Frances Roth, a handsome grandmother and lawyer, who until twelve years ago had never seen the inside of the kitchen of a public dining room. She is administrative director of the nonprofit Culinary Institute of America.

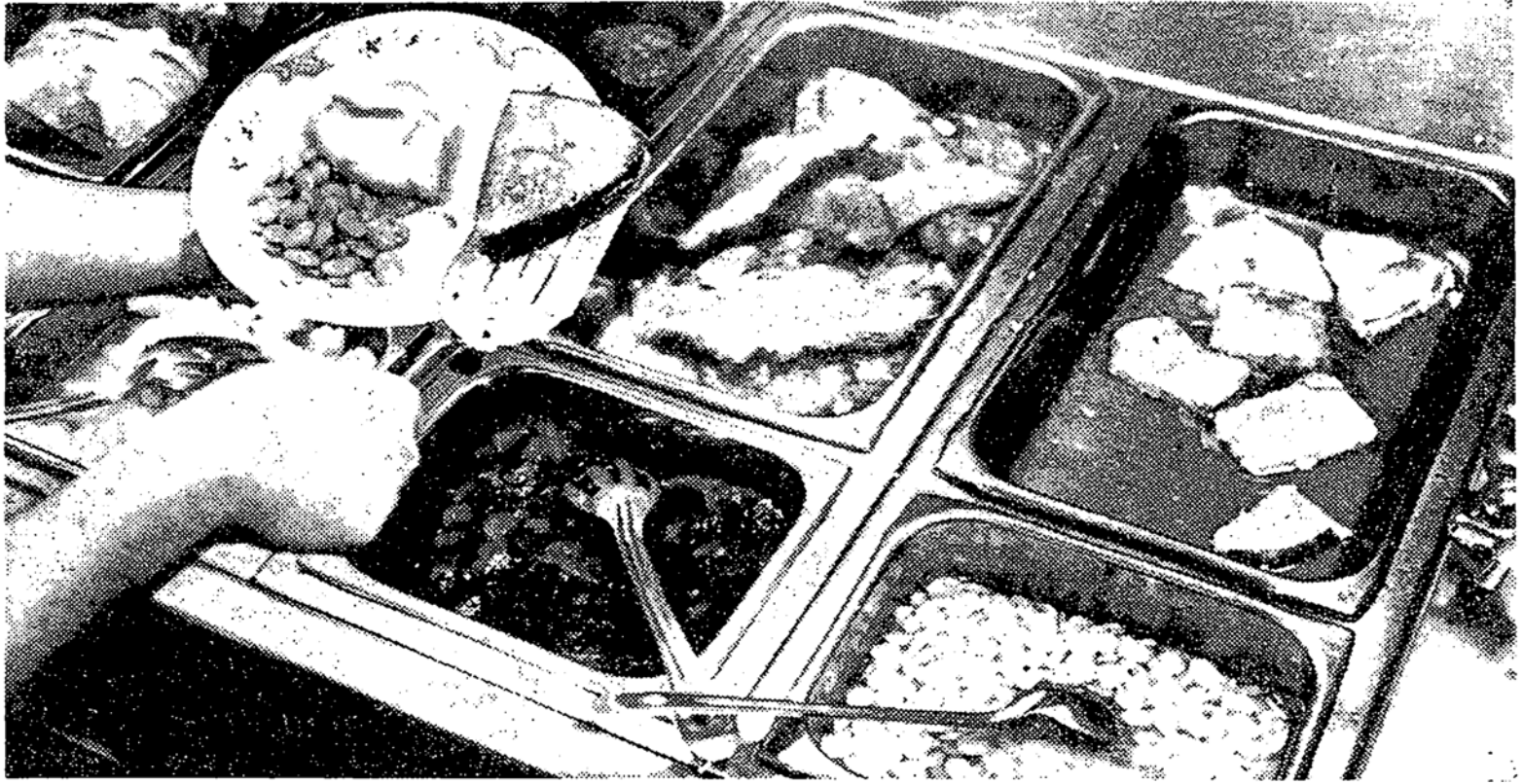
The school, on a tree-lined, eight-acre campus next to the Yale Divinity School, was founded by her in 1947 at the request of New Haven restaurateurs. Today the school is staffed by eleven master chefs, most of them European-trained.

One reason why more schools have not engaged European chefs to train American youths is the matter of salary.

The average chef of executive caliber receives between \$15,000 and \$18,000 a year. Few institutions could afford to compete with this. Mrs. Roth has been successful in recruiting her staff by offering them short work weeks (many top-ranking chefs work twelve hours a day) and summer vacations with pay, along with more modest salaries.

To compensate in part for the latter, the chefs work in resort hotels during the summer and take their students with them. There is an enormous demand with high pay for skilled chefs in all summer resorts.

Many students at the Culinary Institute come from low-income families and most of them have extra-curricular jobs. The majority work sixteen hours a day—eight hours' training, eight hours' waiting. The tuition is \$1,000 for a thirty-



The contrast is in mass-production methods used all over the country, even in more expensive restaurants. Food, prepared in large quantities, is kept warm for extended periods. This makes for lower costs, but less tasty food. The New York Times (by John Orris and Allyn Baum)

six week course.

"Since the school was founded, 1,900 young men have been trained," Mrs. Roth said. Some of them have gone into management, but most are employed as chefs, bakers, cooks and stewards.

Another solution was proposed by Robert Audelan, president of the New York chapter of the Academie Culi-

naire de France and executive chef of Essex House.

"Build a school with three restaurants and three kitchens," he suggested. "One of the restaurants should be a cafeteria, another an American-plan dining room and the third a restaurant which serves continental cuisine." (By American plan, he meant an abbreviated menu with plain cooking. The

continental dining room would feature classic French cuisine and dishes prepared to order.)

"All students would begin in the cafeteria kitchen where they would be trained for one year. Those with special ability would progress to the American-plan kitchen. The cream would be trained in the Continental kitchen.

And who would staff such a

school?

"Chefs who are beginning to retire," he said. "Many of us would be willing to work a few hours a day for such a program."

And who would finance such a project?

"Management, the unions and the New York City Board of Education, if not Federal funds."

Directory to Dining

A selective list of New York restaurants appears every Friday on this page. Stars, when they appear, are employed as follows: one star denotes restaurants of more than routine interest; two stars denote those of superior quality, and three stars pertain to restaurants regarded as among the finest in the city.

***Del Pezzo**, 33 West 47th Street, JU 6-9705 and CO 5-8744. The Del Pezzo is a most agreeable and unpretentious Italian restaurant and it is also one of the city's oldest. The veal dishes in particular are recommended, including the osso buco (braised veal knuckle) and stuffed breast of veal. Luncheons and dinners both prix fixe and à la carte. Luncheons with salad and coffee from \$1.50; complete dinners cost \$3.50. Cocktails, wines. Closed Sunday.

****Jimmy's Greek American Restaurant**, 12 State Street, BO 9-9458. Repeated visits to this famed cellar near the Battery bear out the fact that it is far and away the best Greek restaurant in the city. The food, whether a moussaka or simple braised lamb, is outstanding. Guests serve themselves from a small and very neat kitchen. Reservations are generally imperative. Luncheons only, except on Thursday when the restaurant is also open from 6 to 9 P.M. Entrees are à la carte from about \$3.50. There is no

bar, but guests may bring their own wines. Closed Saturday and Sunday.

●
The Black Angus, 148 East 50th Street, PL 9-7454. Count steaks and chops among the favorite fare of New Yorkers. Here they are served in a typical, if somewhat labyrinthine, setting. Dinners, served seven days a week, are à la carte with main courses from \$3 to \$5.15. Luncheons, served Monday through Friday, are both prix fixe and à la carte. Complete luncheons cost approximately \$2.25; main courses to order from about \$1.85. Cocktails, wines.

●
La Petite Maison, 108 East 60th Street, EL 5-9313 and PL 5-5667. This is a small and pleasant enough restaurant with competent French and Italian cuisine. Both luncheons and dinner are table d'hôte. Complete luncheons from \$2.50; complete dinners from \$4.75. Luncheons are not served on Sunday. Cocktails, wines.

Cookbook Review: Glorious Recipes

Art of French Cooking Does Not Concede to U. S. Tastes

By CRAIG CLAIBORNE

SINCE the turn of the century scores of books have been published in English on the subject of French cuisine. Many of these books have been written by French chefs via the test kitchens of publishing firms with myopic and underfed editors. Others have been dished up from the secret files and home oven of Tante Cécile, chez elle. Most of them have made disastrous concessions to what is considered "the American taste."

What is probably the most comprehensive, laudable and monumental work on the subject was published this week. It is called "Mastering the Art of French Cooking" (Alfred A. Knopf, \$10), and it will probably remain as the definitive work for nonprofessionals.

This is not a book for those with a superficial interest in food. But for those who take fundamental delight in the pleasures of cuisine, "Mastering the Art of French Cuisine" may well become a vade mecum in the kitchen. It is written in the simplest terms possible and without compromise or condescension.

The recipes are glorious, whether they are for a simple egg in aspic or for a fish soufflé. At a glance it is conservatively estimated that there are a thousand or more recipes in the book. All are painstakingly edited and written as if each were a masterpiece, and most of them are.

Six-Page Battle

Consider the famed bean and meat dish of France known as a cassoulet. The details of preparation cover nearly six pages. There is a prefaced explanation of the dish, a paragraph on menu suggestions, a discussion of the beans that may be used and finally a "note on the order of battle." The recipe itself occupies the better part of three pages, but there is probably not a wasted syllable. And anyone who attempts it will most assuredly turn out a dish of a high and memorable character.

There are many preparations in the cuisine that cannot be adequately described in words. To amplify and make the text more clear, there are a hundred or so clean-line drawings that supplement and speak more eloquently than words. These include sketches that show the making of an omelet and the paring of an artichoke to get at the heart.

Added to the embarrassment of riches are suggestions for wines to be served with many dishes and complete menus.

"Mastering the Art of French Cooking" was authored by three women. Simone Beck was French born and educated; Louisette Bertholle is half French and half American and was educated in both countries; Julia Child is a native of California who studied cooking in France.

In 1951 the three started a cooking school, L'Ecole des Trois Gourmandes in Paris and it was then that the idea of the book took shape. The

school continues under the instruction of Mmes. Beck and Bertholle. Mrs. Child has subsequently taught in various cities in the United States as well as in Norway.

There are a few minor points on which a purist might take issue with the authors. They recommend, for example, the use of a garlic press, which is a gadget considered in some circles to be only one cut above garlic salt or garlic powder. It does not produce a flavor totally equal to garlic freshly chopped with a knife.

Missing Pastry

And there is a curious omission from the book. One of the bases for countless desserts and entrees in French cuisine is puff pastry, the flaky, many-leaved pastry used in making vol au vents (patty shells) or mille-feuilles (Napoleons). It is admittedly the most difficult of pastries to make, but it can be achieved by nonprofessionals. There also is no recipe for croissants.

In an over-all sense, however, it might be said that anyone with a natural bent for fine cuisine could become a refined cook in most areas of French gastronomy by following the details in "Mastering the Art of French Cooking."

Here is a recipe for soubise, otherwise known as braised rice and onions. It is to be served with veal or chicken.

SOUBISE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice
4 quarts rapidly boiling water
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons salt

Text Is Simply Written for Persons Who Enjoy Cuisine

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup (one-half stick) butter
2 pounds yellow onions,
thinly sliced.
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup heavy cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated Swiss cheese
2 tablespoons softened butter
1 tablespoon minced parsley.
1. Preheat the oven to 300 degrees.

2. Drop the rice into the boiling water to which has been added the one and one-half tablespoons salt. Boil five minutes exactly and drain immediately.

3. Heat the quarter cup of butter in a three-quart flame-proof casserole and when it is foaming, stir in the onions. When they are well coated with butter, stir in the rice, salt and pepper. Cover and cook very slowly in the oven for one hour, stirring occasionally. The rice and onions should become very tender and will usually turn a light golden yellow. Correct the seasonings. (The authors add that up to this point the dish may be cooked several hours in advance and finished later.)

4. Just before serving, stir in the cream and cheese and then the softened butter. Taste again for seasonings and turn into a hot vegetable dish. Serve sprinkled with parsley.

Yield: Six servings.

There Was a Time She Couldn't Cook...

By CRAIG CLAIBORNE

"When I came to this country," Marcella Hazan said, "one of my first acquaintances told me that the American bride's wedding vow was, 'I will take you for better or for worse but not for lunch.'" Mrs. Hazan—who was preparing a meal of artichokes Roman-style, an eminently delicious dish of tortelloni filled with chopped Swiss chard, and rollatone of veal for her husband one recent noon—laughed.

"My husband, Victor," she explained, "chose this apartment for one primary reason: He likes to dine Italian-style, which means coming home at midday, and his work is only five minutes away."

Mr. Hazan works with his father, the owner of the David Fur Couture at 50 West 57th Street.

Mrs. Hazan was born in Cesenatico, a small town on the Adriatic, and her husband was born in a small town seven miles distant. Mr. Hazan's parents came to New York during World War II when he was 11 years old, and he never lost the feeling of wanting to return. He did about 18 years ago, when he met and married his wife.

"I had never cooked a day in my life," said Mrs. Hazan, who now teaches cooking in Manhattan, adding, "until I married." Actually her scholastic training was in natural science and biology (she holds degrees in each), and she worked at the Guggenheim Institute for Research when she came to this country until the birth of her son, Giuliano.

Young Giuliano, a handsome lad of 12, is probably on the road to becoming as much of a fin bec as his father. Giuliano doesn't care much for the hot lunches provided by the school that he attends, and when he doesn't have to carry a violin case to school, he carries a lunch box filled with veal stew, ravioli, breast of chicken Siena-style and things like that. On violin days he's packed off to school with a sandwich of prosciutto or a fine mortadella or things like that.

Too Busy to Entertain

The couple do not entertain often, the lady with the soft smile added, because they have other involvements. She studies Japanese flower arranging at the Ohara school and also has classes in ceramics. Mr. Hazan also takes classes in ceramics and studies the Japanese language.

Mrs. Hazan had no intention of starting classes in Italian cookery until she enrolled a year or so ago in Mrs. Grace Chu's Chinese cooking classes. She was encouraged by other students and her Italian classes, which are held every Tuesday and Friday morning in her home, start this week and the next. The cost of a six-lesson series is \$80 for a beginning course; \$90 for an advanced course. For further information about her classes, call 246-7614.

Mrs. Hazan has a broad background in Italian food, since her family, who were landowners, lived at various times in or near Milan, Verona, Bologna, Venice, Florence and Rome until her marriage.

Oddly, she adds, she has learned much about Italian influences here because of the southern origins (Naples and Sicily) of so many Italian citizens in New York. In fact, a discussion of the spelling of *rúcola*, that delectable and odd-tasting salad green, recently sent her to a dictionary. In New York it is generally spelled *rúgola*, which she surmises to be the southern pronunciation. Her dictionary points out that *rúcola* is the northern spelling of *ruchétta*, the actual name of the herb. The book adds that it is also sometimes spelled *rúca*.

Mr. Hazan hopes some day to return to Italy to pursue a curious project. On an experimental basis, he would like to grow Chinese vegetables on a family farm.

Here are a sampling of dishes from the Hazans' table.

TORTELLONI DI BIETE

(Tortelloni with Swiss chard filling)

- 2 bunches Swiss chard
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup finely chopped onion
- 5 tablespoons sweet butter
- 3 or 4 slices prosciutto, finely chopped
- $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces ricotta
- 1 egg yolk

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup plus $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg

Salt to taste

Pasta dough for ravioli made with two eggs and one and two-thirds cups flour

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream.

1. Pick over the chard to obtain the tender leaves. Discard any tough stems. Cook the leaves in a little boiling salted water until tender. Drain, and when cool enough to handle, squeeze to remove excess liquid. Chop the leaves very fine.

2. Cook the onion in two tablespoons of butter until translucent. Add prosciutto and chopped chard. Cook two minutes longer, stirring. Add this to a mixing bowl.

3. Add the ricotta, egg yolk, two-thirds cups Parmesan cheese, nutmeg, and salt to taste to chard mixture.

4. Roll out the pasta dough made according to any recipe that calls for two eggs and $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour. Use about one teaspoon of the chard mixture for stuffing and proceed to make small "pillows" as in making ravioli. Cook the tortelloni in boiling salted water to which a little olive oil has been added. Cook about two or three minutes and drain.

5. Add the remaining butter in a heavy skillet and about half the cream. Stir over moderate heat about half a minute. Remove from the heat. Add the drained tortelloni and toss while adding the remaining cream and cheese. Add salt to taste.

Yield: 80 to 90 tortelloni.

SPAGHETTI ALL'ORTOLANA

(Spaghetti with eggplant)

1 medium-size eggplant

Salt

Olive or salad oil

1 teaspoon finely chopped garlic

1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley

$1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 cups peeled, cored, chopped tomatoes

Hot pepper flakes to taste

1 pound spaghetti or spaghettiini, cooked and drained.

1. Cut off the ends of the eggplant and discard. Cut the eggplant into quarter-inch rounds. Place in a mixing bowl and sprinkle with salt. Let stand about half an hour. Squeeze the eggplant slices to remove most of the moisture.

2. Add about a quarter inch of oil to a skillet and cook the slices on all sides until golden brown, adding more oil as necessary. Drain the slices on paper towels.

3. Heat four tablespoons of oil in a skillet, and add the garlic. Cook briefly, and add the parsley, tomatoes and hot pepper flakes. Simmer about 10 minutes, or until the oil separates from the tomatoes.

4. Meanwhile, cut the eggplant slices into thin strips. Add the strips to the sauce. Cook about three minutes. Serve with hot spaghetti or spaghettiini.

Yield: Four to six servings.

CHICKEN BREASTS SIENA-STYLE

2 whole chicken breasts, halved, skinned and boned (this will yield 4 pieces)

4 tablespoons butter

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon salad oil

Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste

Juice of 1 lemon

2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley.

1. Place the breast halves on a flat surface and, using a sharp knife, slice them in half. This will make two "fillets" of each breast half.

2. Heat the butter and oil in a large skillet, and cook the fillets on both sides. Do not overcook. The entire cooking should involve only two or three minutes.

3. Transfer the chicken to a warm platter and sprinkle with salt and pepper.

4. Add lemon juice to the skillet and stir with a wooden spoon to dissolve the brown particles in the skillet. Add the parsley and return the chicken to the skillet. Turn the chicken in the sauce, and serve hot with the sauce poured over.

Yield: Four servings.

ARTICHOKES ROMAN-STYLE

4 large artichokes with stems

$\frac{1}{2}$ lemon

$\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons finely chopped parsley

$1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons finely chopped garlic

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dried mint

Salt to taste

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil

Water.

1. Do not cut off the stems of the artichokes.

2. Cut away all the hard outer leaves of the artichoke. Using a paring knife, neatly trim all over the outside of the artichoke including around the stem. Using a melon ball cutter or spoon, scoop out the center leaves and fuzzy central core. Rub cut surfaces of artichoke with lemon to prevent discoloration.

3. Combine the parsley, garlic, mint and salt and rub two-thirds of this mixture inside the artichoke bottoms.

4. Arrange the artichokes, stem up, in a heavy casserole with a tight-fitting lid. Sprinkle the remaining parsley mixture over all and add the oil. Add enough water to cover nearly one-third of the artichoke, not counting the stem.

5. Soak two sheets of paper toweling in water. They must be large enough to cover casserole. Cover the casserole with the lid on top of the towels and cook over medium heat about 30 minutes or until artichokes are tender when pierced with a fork. If there is liquid remaining in the pot, turn up the flame and let liquid evaporate. The oil, of course, will not evaporate. Serve the artichokes either lukewarm or at room temperature, never hot.

Yield: Four servings.



The New York Times Studio (by Gene Maggio)

Victor Hazan likes to come home for lunch. Here his wife serves him antipasto and Roman-style artichokes.

ONCE in every decade, France seems to produce a chef who is acclaimed as the heir to a tradition of greatness.

In the late 1940's, it was Fernand Point of La Pyramide in Vienne; in the 50's, Paul Bocuse, who owns the restaurant that bears his name in Lyons; in the 60's, Michel Guérard, installed at his restaurant in Eugénie-les-Bains, and in the 70's, Fredy Girardet, the owner and chef of the restaurant named for him in Crissier, Switzerland.

Today, connoisseurs of fine food are trumpeting the name of Alain Ducasse, the 31-year-old chef at the Louis XV restaurant in the magnificent Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo. A visit to his restaurant in Monaco confirmed that he was worthy of inclusion in the pantheon of great French chefs.

Mr. Ducasse appears to have earned his place through talent and determination, and having the good sense to seek out the finest teachers.

In recent interviews in Monte Carlo and in a private kitchen in New York, where he prepared a sumptuous assortment of dishes, Mr. Ducasse discussed his philosophy.

Asked if he categorized his cooking as nouvelle cuisine, he shrugged his shoulders and frowned.

"Nouvelle cuisine?" he said. "I don't know what it is. To my mind there's such a thing as good cooking and bad cooking and very, very bad cooking; otherwise, I don't know."

Would he call his cooking eclectic?

"I only cook for the sake of good taste, and I hope it's worthwhile," he replied. "You must take into account the foods of your region, and other than that, cooking the world over is now standardized. The important thing is, to my mind, simplicity and quality."

MR. DUCASSE'S cuisine draws heavily on the foods and techniques of Provence, as well as those of Italy. (Many of the Mr. Ducasse's staff members are from Italy.) He uses as much olive oil as butter in his cooking, and his repertory includes Provençal pumpkin soup with chicken quenelles along with zephyr-light ravioli filled with foie gras and an exceptionally well-made risotto with cheese, white truffles and cream.

A firm believer in the freshest ingredients, Mr. Ducasse garners them from whatever source is at hand. In fall and winter, he buys his game from friends who hunt. His cheeses come from a small goat farm in the French town of Tende, just north of Monaco, and his fish are chosen from the morning hauls of nearby fishermen.

Mr. Ducasse grew up in one of the most celebrated food regions of France: Landes, where foie gras is king. When he was born, his parents owned a farm not far from the town of Dax in the southwest corner of France, and their principal source of income was the production of foie gras.

The young chef recalled that he has always had a fervid interest in cooking, without prompting from anyone, and that his efforts at the stove began when he was 12 years old. By that time he had bought numerous cookbooks, mostly written for home cooks. His first attempt at cooking was a bûche de Noël, or Christmas log, which involved preparing such diverse confections as a génoise filled with butter cream and the elaborate decoration that gives the log its traditional barklike appearance.

The result was, he now admits, "a disaster."

Undeterred, at the age of 16 he became an apprentice in the town of Soustons, near his home, in a restaurant called Le Pavillon Landais. After a brief stay, he enrolled at a hotel school in Bordeaux.

On the day he was to leave the school, he some-

what audaciously telephoned Michel Guérard, then acclaimed for his cuisine minceur, to ask if he might join Mr. Guérard's kitchen staff at Eugénie-les-Bains. As Mr. Ducasse recalls, Mr. Guérard said, somewhat gruffly, "I have many young chefs who ask to join me."

"But I will come work without thought of payment," Mr. Ducasse told him. So he was hired and worked in all the kitchen's departments. Within a few weeks he was put on full salary and, under Mr. Guérard's supervision, prepared most of the food for the photographs that subsequently appeared in "Michel Guérard's Cuisine Minceur."

Mr. Guérard was also a much-publicized consultant for Régine's restaurant in New York, and, in 1976, Mr. Ducasse was one of the talented chefs he dispatched to its kitchen. The next year, Mr. Ducasse went to work for Roger Vergé, the acclaimed chef and owner of the Moulin de Mougins in the south of France, where he stayed for about a year. It was there that Mr. Ducasse fell in love with the foods of Provence.

After his stint with Mr. Vergé in Mougins, Mr. Ducasse wanted to learn more about French regional cuisines, particularly that of Lyons,

Cooking in a kitchen the size of three tennis courts.

so he applied to Alain Chapel, the owner and chef of the restaurant bearing his name in nearby Mionnay. He spent two years there.

When he was with Mr. Vergé, life on the Riviera was a bit of a holiday, he said: "There was so much to do when you were free for a day or two or even for an afternoon."

"By contrast," he said, "Chapel's restaurant was about 20 kilometers from Lyons, and there was not a lot to do when you weren't making a sauce, grilling fish, making pastries or whatever. Therefore, you spent a lot of time discussing techniques of cooking, the philosophy of eating and so on."

Continuing his extraordinary education, Mr. Ducasse returned to work with Mr. Vergé in his second restaurant in Mougins, Amandier de Mougins. He subsequently spent six years as chef at La Terrasse restaurant in Juan-les-Pins, also on the Côte d'Azur.

Before going to the Hôtel de Paris about seven months ago to design and inaugurate the kitchens of the Louis XV, he also worked with Gaston Lenôtre, considered the greatest pastry chef in France.

Chefs with whom Mr. Ducasse has worked speak with special enthusiasm of his diligence. Mr. Vergé said by telephone: "Ducasse is a serious and hard-working young man. He's had a good foundation from the start of his career. His talent and experience in the kitchen are impressive."

Mr. Lenôtre described him as one of the most meticulous young chefs in the business. "He is hard on himself,"

Mr. Lenôtre said. "In his months in my kitchen he mastered the essential use of weights and measures, which are necessary to produce great pastries. I find him more precise than most chefs of his generation."

Along the way, Mr. Ducasse married, and he and his wife, Michele, have a 5-year-old daughter, Audrey.

In reaching his goals, Mr. Ducasse has also had to overcome misfortune. While on a business trip in France five years ago, he was the only survivor of an airplane crash. The pilot of the small plane that he was flying in with five other passengers took off in a blizzard, and the plane crashed into a mountainside near Chambéry. Mr. Ducasse spent three months in a hospital with a crushed leg. Today, he walks briskly and without a limp, but he depends on daily massages to keep him going.

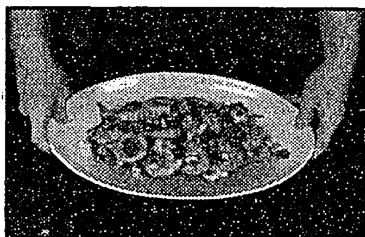
In Monte Carlo, Mr. Ducasse works in a spotless, huge kitchen, about the size of three tennis courts, in the basement of the hotel. Despite its size, it is neatly divided into areas for roasting, spit-roasting, grilling (the grills are fired by wood or gas), pastry making, ice cream and sherbet making, and candy making.

Tanks with constantly flowing sea water keep lobsters and fish alive and ready for the kettle, skillet or grill. There is a sizable bakery and assorted units for smoking fish and meats.

Nearby are vast underground caves containing nearly 280,000 bottles of the restaurant's wines.

In the dining room of the Louis XV, tablecloths are linen interwoven with gold thread. The flatware and service plates are vermeil. The room — with its gold and ivory frescoes, its arched ceiling and its center medallion surrounded by colorful cameos of Marie Antoinette, the Marquise de Pompadour and the Comtesse du Barry — is a setting fit for the talents of the chef who reigns there.

Grilled Langoustines With Vegetable Vinaigrette



Preparation time:

40 minutes

Cooking time:

10 minutes

- 12 langoustines or jumbo shrimp, about 1 pound
- Salt to taste, if desired
- Freshly ground pepper to taste
- 12 tablespoons olive oil, approximately
- $\frac{1}{3}$ pound haricots verts (thin French green beans)
- 4 large mushrooms, about $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds
- 3 large red ripe tomatoes, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, peeled
- 2 small artichokes, about $\frac{2}{3}$ pound
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- 3 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon liquid from canned black truffles
- Sprigs of chervil or parsley for garnish.

1. Shell and devein the langoustines or shrimp, and sprinkle with salt and

pepper. Rub all over with 1 tablespoon of the olive oil. Set aside.

2. If the langoustines or shrimp are to be grilled, preheat a gas- or wood-burning grill until it is quite hot.

3. Bring enough water to a boil to cover the haricots verts when they are added. Add the beans, and let simmer 5 minutes. Drain and drop the beans immediately into a basin of ice water. Drain thoroughly and chill. Cut each bean into 2-inch lengths. Set aside.

4. Cut the mushroom caps crosswise in half. Scrape away and discard the black gills inside. Cut the mushroom caps and stems into the thinnest possible slices. There should be about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup. Set aside.

5. Remove and discard the tomato seeds. Cut the flesh into $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch cubes. There should be about $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups.

6. Pull away and discard the tough outer leaves of each artichoke. Cut away and discard the bottom stems of each. Using a sharp paring knife, trim all around the sides and base of each artichoke until each is smooth and white, with the green exterior pared away. As you work, rub the cut portions with half a lemon to prevent discoloration. Using a melon-ball scoop or spoon, trim away and discard the center fuzzy portion of each artichoke. Cut the artichokes into quarters, and slice each piece as thinly as possible. There should be about $\frac{2}{3}$ cup.

7. Put the haricots verts, mushrooms, tomatoes and artichokes into a bowl. Add salt and pepper to taste.

8. Combine 8 tablespoons of the olive oil, the lemon and truffle juices and salt and pepper to taste in a mixing bowl. Beat with a wire whisk to blend. Pour this over the vegetables, and toss to blend. Spoon the vegetable mixture into the center of an oval or circular plate.

9. If the langoustines or shrimp are to be grilled, place them on the grill, and cook about 2 minutes. Turn and cook about 3 minutes or until done. Cooking time will depend on the size of the shellfish. Do not overcook. If the langoustines or shrimp are to be cooked in a skillet, heat 2 tablespoons of the olive oil, and cook, shaking the skillet and stirring, about 5 minutes or until the shellfish are cooked through.

10. Arrange the hot langoustines or shrimp around the vegetables, and spoon 1 tablespoon of olive oil over the shellfish. Garnish the dish with sprigs of chervil or parsley.

Yield: 4 servings.

Ravioli With Foie Gras and Truffles

Preparation time:

20 minutes

Cooking time:

5 minutes

- 1 pound cooked fresh foie gras (see note)
- 1 tablespoon finely chopped fresh or canned black truffles
- 20 won-ton skins, available in many supermarkets and most Chinese markets
- 3 cups rich fresh chicken or beef broth
- 1 whole fresh or canned black truffle shaved as thinly as possible.

1. Cut the foie gras into slices about half an inch thick or slightly larger. Cut the slices into half-inch or slightly

tions. Serve with sweetened fresh berries or fruit.

Yield: 6 or more servings.

NOTE: Mascarpone is usually available in specialty-food shops.

Scallops With Salad Greens

Preparation time:

30 minutes

Cooking time:

10 minutes

- 1 pound sea or bay scallops
- Salt to taste, if desired
- Freshly ground pepper to taste
- 4 tablespoons olive oil, approximately
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound red leaf lettuce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound corn salad, field salad or mâche, available at many greengrocers
- 1 small bunch watercress
- 1 small bunch arugula
- $\frac{1}{4}$ pound radicchio
- 2 tablespoons plus $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon balsamic vinegar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons butter
- 1 fresh or canned black truffle shaved as thinly as possible, optional.

1. If sea scallops are used, cut them crosswise in half. If bay scallops are used, leave them whole. The scallops may be cooked in a skillet or, preferably, on a gas- or wood-fired grill. If they are to be cooked on a grill, preheat the grill until it is quite hot. Sprinkle the scallops with salt and pepper. If they are to be cooked on the grill, rub them all over with 1 tablespoon of oil. Set aside.

2. To prepare the lettuce, corn salad, watercress, arugula and radicchio, pull off and discard any tough stems and blemished leaves. Rinse and drain thoroughly. Put the greens in a bowl.

3. Put 3 tablespoons of oil in a mixing bowl, and add the 2 tablespoons vinegar and salt and pepper to taste. Beat thoroughly with a wire whisk. Pour the sauce over the greens and toss.

4. If the scallops are to be grilled, put them on the grill, and cook briefly about 1 minute or slightly longer. Cooking times will depend on the size of the scallops. Turn the scallops and cook on the second side 1 minute or longer. If the scallops are to be cooked in a skillet, heat 1 tablespoon of oil, and when it is quite hot, add the scallops. Shaking the skillet and stirring, cook for 2 minutes or longer. Do not overcook.

5. Place the salad greens in an oval or circular serving dish. Arrange the scallops neatly around the greens. Reserve any leftover oil in the skillet.

6. Heat the butter in a small saucepan until it is hazelnut brown. Do not allow it to blacken. Line a saucepan with a small strainer, and strain in the butter. Stir in the remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vinegar.

7. Add any leftover oil from the skillet and blend. Spoon this sauce over the scallops. If desired, sprinkle with truffle shavings and serve.

Yield: 4 servings.

larger cubes. Dip one side of each cube into the chopped truffles and set aside.

2. Use the won-ton skins to make ravioli. Begin by laying the skins on a flat surface and, using a pastry brush, brush around the inside perimeter of each skin with water, making a 1-inch brushed margin. Place one piece of foie gras in the center of each won-ton skin. Fold over one corner of the won-ton to meet its opposite corner, and enclose the foie gras. Press all around with the fingers to seal. Use a biscuit cutter to press around the filled won-ton skin to make a neat moon shape.

3. Bring the broth to a simmer in a saucepan, and add the ravioli. When the liquid returns to a simmer, let the ravioli cook 1 minute. Remove the ravioli carefully with a slotted spoon. Put 5 ravioli in each of 4 heated soup plates. Spoon equal amounts of the broth over each serving, and sprinkle each serving with an equal amount of the shaved truffle. Serve immediately.

Yield: 4 servings.

NOTE: Cooked fresh foie gras is available at many food specialty shops in Manhattan, including Petrossian, 182 West 58th Street; Balducci's, 424 Avenue of the Americas, at Ninth Street, and Grace's Marketplace, 1237 Third Avenue, at 71st Street. It is also available by mail from d'Artagnan, 399-419 St. Paul Avenue, Jersey City, N.J. 07306.

Mascarpone Sherbet



Preparation time:

15 minutes

Freezing time:

20 to 30 minutes

- $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups yogurt
- 1 cup mascarpone (see note)
- 2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lemon juice.

1. Combine the water and sugar in a saucepan, and bring to a boil. Cook 10 minutes, and remove from the heat. Let stand until the mixture reaches room temperature, and then chill.

2. Combine the yogurt, mascarpone and lemon juice in a bowl, and beat thoroughly. Add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of the chilled syrup, and beat to blend. Pour the mixture into the container of an ice cream freezer, and freeze according to the manufacturers' instructions.